

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes GLENN SANDSTROM, ROBERT STONE, NEIL BRENAN, STEWART DODGE and FRANK MOAKE, Chairman.

Foreword

ROBERT H. CRISPIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

(The following is the foreword to a book, *Revolution to the Past*, by Jay Tananger, historian, etymologist, philosopher, and former Governor of Earth for Jupiter, published in A.D. 4963. The aim of the book is to present a startling new concept in interplanetary relations.)

In the course of time many words have been dropped from the English language simply because the object, state, idea, or movement which they describe no longer exists. Perhaps the best way to introduce the reader to the theory presented herein is to call for the reintroduction of one of these words; the word is *peace* (pronounced *pēs*, like *piece*) which disappeared from speech about 1000 years ago.

The noun *peace* appears in writing as early as the twelfth century under the spellings *pais* and *pes*¹ and has been spelled fully twenty different ways.² From its origin it meant freedom from war, disorder, and the like. The word was also used as a verb as far back as the fourteenth century, often in the imperative, having possibly begun as an interjection.³ Probably it was used to command silence or a cessation of hostilities, often domestic. It was so frequently used in exclamation that we must infer that the men of those days craved peace and found it procurable, but very elusive.

A twentieth century "college level" dictionary (college level was roughly equal to the twentieth or highest echelon in rank, and tenth echelon in subject matter in our school system) defined the word as a noun thus: "1. A pact or agreement to end hostilities, between those who have been at war or in a state of hostility. 2. A state of tranquility or quiet; esp.: a. Freedom from civil disturbance or war. b. Public order or security as provided by law; as, a breach of the *peace*. 3. Harmony in personal relations; mutual accord. 4. Freedom from fears, agitating passions, moral conflict, etc. 5. One who or that which makes or maintains peace," and as a verb: "To become quiet . . ."⁴ In other words, the absence of war and tribulation.

Such definitions might sound primitive to fiftieth century ears (for we are "enlightened"), but we find upon looking back that during the twentieth century there were a few short periods when there was no war, astounding as it may sound. It is obvious that there had to be a name for such a state, and that name was *peace*. We can see that the word somehow came to represent any stage in which there was harmony, quiet, or anything resembling

¹ *The Oxford English Dictionary*, Revised Edition, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1933).

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* (Springfield, Mass.: G. C. Merriam Co., 1953).

the absence of turbulence. Since the state called peace has not existed anywhere for 3000 years, the word has naturally dropped from the language completely, carrying such phrases as "peace of mind" and "peace of soul" with it.

Earthian people were the only ones who ever had such a word, which may explain their later fate and their cry for an end to the present conflict. They were and are a highly cultured race who, as Siegel said, "could have ruled, but for their naïve hopes."

Let us trace the history of the word *peace* in relation to universal history and the history of the English language from the twentieth century. In the twenty-fifth century Earthian Adam Kollis in his pamphlet "Western Survival" used the word thus: "The hope of living in a world of *peace* is not beyond our youth." (Kollis, incidentally, was considered to be something of a crackpot.) At that time the Earth's Five Hundred Years War between the hemispheres was drawing to a close and the two factions soon united in an unsuccessful attempt to ward off Jupiterian colonizers. We conquered Earth, of course, and soon found that we had won a marvelous prize in our race with Uranus for solar system supremacy. Earth was rich in thought. We adopted its language and its calendar, as well as some of the Earthian's social customs and mores. In many ways, in fact, the Earthians conquered their Jupiterian conquerors.

The language of Earth was English, now the only language known in this solar system. English was the language of Earth's Western Hemisphere and was adopted by their former enemies from the Eastern Hemisphere when the two allied against Jupiter, the Easterners dropping their traditional Cyrillic (though it must be said that the English of that time was hardly the refined tongue we know).

The conquest of the solar system was completed 350 years later. Jupiter owned Earth, Venus, Neptune, and a few of the larger planetoids, while Uranus conquered Mars, Pluto, and Saturn and colonized Mercury, though the venture was given up in 2910, Uranus calling Mercury "uninhabitable."

In the year 3167, Hector Gubon, a Neptunian, used the word *peace* in a passage in his great work, *The Imminent Destruction*: ". . . we have seen that only a common enemy can unite men of the same planet and of the same solar system. This has been true throughout the entire history of the universe. The forces led by Jupiter are locked in an on-again, off-again struggle with the forces led by the Uranians; peace is all but forgotten." He went on to urge all the planets to unite to face a threat from outer space, and thereby emerge victorious when that threat materialized.

By the year 3900, however, the word *peace* was not quite dead. True, it was never used to mean the absence of war, for there was war, naturally, and the planets on each side were not even said to be at peace with each other, for both empires were held together by force. *Peace* was sparingly used to denote a quiet state aside from interplanetary relations, and even that use gradually

faded until the word went out of the vocabulary of the masses about ten centuries ago. The last recorded writing of the word *peace* is found in the long-forgotten play of the great dramatist, Wurswire, "Infinity," written in 3913. The second act closes with the male lead, Hervard, addressing his servant, "Ah, Jethoe, I am back from Polaris—bring me my favorite wine [an alcoholic beverage, now rarely drunk] so that my mind may be at peace . . . and my body at rest!"

The play, of course, was a "fantasy"; it dealt with journeys between solar systems. But no more than 200 years later the "fantasy" became a reality, and the words of Gubon were recalled by many who heeded the great prophet's warning (though nearly too late), and the state of Sunaris was formed to meet the challenge hurled at our solar system by Inlin, the lone planet of Sirius. Rockets threatened to destroy the sun and end all life in this solar system. Jupiter assumed command and leadership (English replacing Uranic on its home planet and the planet's colonies, thereby becoming the official language of this solar system, but minus the word *peace*, for it had been lost). Sunaris overpowered Inlin after 800 years of bloody war.

Now we have turned upon Vega's solar system of seven planets, and we will soon conquer them all—but how long must we go on? How long can we go on? Why must we conquer forever?

It is the purpose of this book to demonstrate how the entire universe can live as one family, WITHOUT WAR! I have attempted to prove that the economy of the universe would not suffer a breakdown were war to end, that military careers are not an integral component of the life of the male, and that it is high time we citizens of Jupiter, proud capital of Sunaris, heed the "naive" Earthian demands to end the war, teach all the inhabitants of the universe (as we know it) these lessons, and return to the theories of Kollis. May I then add that the word *peace* might be restored to our language if we should ever again find ourselves in a state of non-war. Not only could the word be used to signify military and political peace, but it could be used to signify the improved status of the minds of men which I believe would come about should military and political conflict end.

J. C. T.
Jupiter
Feb. 3, 4963

THE FRATERNITY SINGS

I went to a fraternity sweetheart dinner, and the members of the fraternity serenaded their guests with different fraternity songs. They sang solemnly with shining faces uplifted, the picture of sentiment and loyalty. Maybe my sense of humor is out of whack, but, on that solemn occasion, I was nearly overwhelmed by a terrible urge to laugh. The whole idea of such affection for one's fraternity or sorority seems petty and inane to me.
—MIRIAM ROBERTS, 101.

Isn't Science Wonderful?

JAMES SVOBODA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

SINCE THE CAVEMAN DISCOVERED THE RONSON LIGHTER as a replacement for the process of striking stones together to start fires, the lot of man has been constantly improved by scientific progress. Through the years, science has made man the master of nature. If we trace the evolution of man through the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, the machine age, and finally, this most fabulous age of atomic power, supersonic planes, and indoor plumbing, we find that man has gradually been liberated from the strenuous physical labor which was once required of him. Let's see how this progress has affected the modern man in our country.

While Mr. Modern Man now has very little physical labor to do, he is constantly looking for ways to save work and make things still easier for himself. When he buys an automobile, he is satisfied with nothing less than the full line of power accessories. His car must have an automatic transmission to shift for him, power window lifts to raise and lower the windows for him, power steering to help him turn corners, power brakes to stop the car for him, and even a power seat to cradle his tender bottom in the exact position he desires. Everything the modern man uses must operate quickly and simply, and must require a minimum of effort. Even the complicated mechanism of the television set has been ultra-simplified so that it may be operated with only one dial. One television manufacturer is rumored to be developing a television set with power tuning, a device which will take eighty-seven per cent of the work out of switching channels.

As a direct result of man's ever-increasing use of labor-saving devices, his muscles are getting less and less exercise, rendering him incapable of doing all except the most trivial of physical tasks. Some of the engineers in this university have had to take special developmental exercises so that they could operate their slide rules in damp weather.

Science has the answer for the growing problem of decreasing physical ability, too. While part of our scientific research is being directed toward developing elaborate machines to save labor, another part of it is being directed toward developing still more elaborate machines to waste the energy which has been conserved. Modern man spends a small fortune every year on such things as barbells, gymnasium equipment, and fancy machines which are supposed to build up his body.

Science has made every step of life simpler and speedier, but in the process has added many heretofore unnecessary steps. For example, modern man

buys an automobile which is almost completely automatic. It saves him time and inconvenience, *but*, it takes him four years of regular monthly intallments to pay for the thing, and by that time all of the modern automatic devices have worn out, and he must buy another car. Many similar instances can be pointed out. Modern man finds himself enslaved by the very devices which were designed to be his slaves.

As a result of the increased mental burden imposed by all of our modern atomic-age developments, thousands of people who can no longer stand up under the strain are admittted to mental institutions every year. Modern psychiatric treatment has now made it possible for a man to have up to three nervous breakdowns in one year, a process which would have taken years or even been impossible in less enlightened days.

In short, man, with the aid of science, has made his environment so simple, efficient, and easy, that he finds himself going in circles trying to keep up with his own progress. He is truly "killing himself with kindness."

Why People Are Prejudiced

WILLIAM NILSSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

MANY WORDS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE VARIOUS racial and religious aversions still extant among large segments of the population. Thinking people everywhere have stressed the evils of prejudices, have shown them to be illogical and unfounded, have demonstrated the harm they do and the benefits to be derived from abandoning them. It occurs much less often that someone endeavors to point out objectively the reasons why people have prejudices and seeks out the primary roots from which prejudices stem. Perhaps it is only through an examination of these fountainheads of prejudice that any ultimate solution can be arrived at.

A good starting point might be a definition of the word. A prejudice may be defined as a preconceived aversion to a person, place, or thing without adequate acquaintance with said person, place, or thing. A good example of a common prejudice is the dislike for certain foods. In many cases this can be proved to be based completely on preconceived ideas. I know of a woman who says that she dislikes cheese, but on several occasions she has eaten it in sauces and liked it when she didn't know it was there. A certain man who professes an intense dislike for a particular kind of meat has eaten it many times without complaint when his wife told him it was something else. Such dislikes can often be traced to childhood impressions. The child who hears his father scorn salad as "rabl" food" will often adopt this dislike purely through sug-

gestion and not because of any taste aversion. The small child whose mother bribes him with rewards for eating certain foods will come to think of them as something unpleasant. Parental attitudes and example, therefore, are among the most significant factors in the development of prejudices. Certainly they also play a major role in the fostering of racial and religious bias. The child who hears his parents speak disparagingly of certain racial and religious groups, associating them with dishonesty, boorishness, and other undesirable character traits, will accept these ideas without much question. After all, don't Mother and Father know what is right?

Another source of prejudice is feelings of inferiority. The person who claims to dislike symphonic music, painting, or serious literature invariably knows little about them and has never made any effort to become acquainted with them. He will usually tell you that such things are for snobs and "high-brows," or are boring. What he is really expressing is his feeling that he is somehow intellectually incapable of appreciating them. Since such a feeling of inferiority is naturally unpleasant, he counteracts it by decrying and belittling that which he believes he cannot learn to understand.

Still another reason for prejudice may be found in man's basic fear of the unknown and unfamiliar. Immigrant groups, newly arrived in the United States, usually settle in neighborhoods where there are many other people who speak their language. Because of linguistic limitations, they develop a clannishness which an American might easily interpret as hostility. They keep strange customs that may make him ill at ease in their company and give him that uncomfortable feeling of "not belonging." He may wonder if they are talking about him when they speak a language he doesn't understand.

Economic factors may have a strong influence on prejudices. A certain group may be feared as a threat to the economic security of another. The Chinese and Japanese, up to recent times, have been bitterly resented on the West Coast because their willingness to work for low wages caused unemployment and a lower standard of living among native Americans in the area. On the other hand, it may be very profitable for one group to keep another one in an inferior status. One of the main reasons for the well-to-do Southerner's desire to keep the Negro from full equality is his unwillingness to lose a source of cheap labor, a loss which would follow the Negro's increasing awareness of his rights, both economic and social. An idea of the importance of economic factors in fostering prejudice can be derived from an examination of workmen's compensation insurance statistics, which show the unbelievably low wages paid to Negroes by, for example, Southern lumber camp owners.

The question which may follow from this is why the occasional lynchings and other acts of violence against Negroes in the South are usually done not by the well-to-do but by the extremely poor "white trash" who derive no profit from Negroes' labor. These people must do back-breaking toil themselves in order to eke out the barest living. This uncovers still another cause

of prejudice, the need of a scapegoat, the need of an outlet for hostilities and frustrations built up by a life of fruitless toil for meager returns. It was this same emotional need that the Nazis used to stir up popular sentiment against the Jews in a Germany impoverished by World War I and the injustices of the Versailles Treaty. It was this need that was taken advantage of by wealthy Polish and Russian landlords in Czarist times whenever peasants showed signs of discontent with their economic lot. The peasant's hostilities were diverted by blaming his poverty on the Jews, thus providing a tangible something to vent his grievances on, and touching off the notorious pogroms.

Bad example acquired in childhood from parents and other adults, innate feelings of inferiority, distrust of the unknown and unfamiliar, fear of economic competition, desire for profit through exploitation, the need for a scapegoat—these are the main sources from which prejudices spring. While this essay does not attempt a solution of the problem, it does suggest that such a solution cannot be a simple one, for the causes of prejudice are not simple.

Rhetoric and I

MARGARET P. PERKINS

Rhetoric x101, Assignment 18

"YOU'RE CRAZY," SAID SOME OF MY FRIENDS AND KIN-folks when they heard my intention of taking a college correspondence course. To be sure, some only intimated by looks that they considered me demented, adding that for one of my years it was a silly idea, a foolish pursuit and a waste of time. After the high school registrar dug through thirty-nine years of records to get my transcript, she, too, looked dubious when she exclaimed, "You certainly are ambitious! Do you realize that twenty-five per cent of the failures at the University of Illinois are due to poor grades in rhetoric?" This was the sort of discouragement I received from the start.

The odd thing was that most of the objectors possessed college degrees yet had no understanding of my desire for one. The exception was my husband. For years he had known that my secret ambition was to have a college degree. Frequently he had assured me that my capabilities and experiences would so qualify me but he had never urged me to do anything about getting a degree. Then, when our son, the sole survivor of three children, was inducted into the army, my husband began to show noticeable interest in my hints about going back to school. The day he brought home a brand-new typewriter of the latest model as a surprise, I knew the school idea bore his stamp of approval.

Because of the attitude of friends and family toward this ridiculous endeavor, Rhetoric x101 became a sort of secret passion, to be practiced and

relished in the privacy of our household. It was chosen as the trial course because I had long found pleasure in writing down impressions, ideas and data and considered that it was now time to learn how to do so correctly.

Assignment Number One was extremely difficult, mostly because I was not sure what the instructor expected or required. Waiting for her comments, corrections and suggestions seemed interminable. When they arrived they were so sprightly, helpful and encouraging that they immediately instilled a sincere desire to conscientiously do the best possible work on each succeeding assignment. The confidence which an instructor can supply with his remarks, especially to the correspondent who misses the personal contact of the classroom, is priceless.

The assignments have provided mental stimulation. They have dragged out from memory many experiences which had been tucked away for decades. They have broadened my interest in everyday events, community projects and daily chores—all as potential topics for essays. Writing these essays has made me more aware of sentence structure, in reading and in speech, as well as in writing. It has increased my consciousness of word choice and meaning in printed and spoken thought and has made me more critical of my own speech as well as the speech of others. It has, I hope, improved my spelling by the use of the dictionary. But punctuation (which seems to have changed since my school days) is still a big stumbling block.

Rhetoric x101 has even affected my way of life. It has created a habit of arising an hour earlier each day in order to study regularly before the day's routine begins. The necessity of study has made me more selective about time spent on the non-essentials of housekeeping. Instead of washing dishes three times a day I find that one or two such operations are sufficient. Using a pressure cooker saves time at the cookstove; ready-mixes and frozen foods eliminate much kitchen bother. Meals for two persons served in the breakfast room are, besides being cozier, much simpler and less time-consuming than those served formally in the dining room. Thus Rhetoric x101 and the preparation thereof has been indirectly responsible for efficiency in our household. Also, it has become a source of entertaining conversation in our home. When my husband starts with, "What's new, dear?" he means, "What did you see, hear or write about today for rhetoric and what grade did you receive on your last assignment?" Listening to reactions following an interview I have had with a school official, a local horticulturist or the village inventor, in order to secure essay material, delights my spouse no end. He declares that Rhetoric x101 has made a bold woman of his wife. I say it has added zest to the lives of both of us.

Throughout the entire course my admiration for the full-time student has continued to increase. How can he do justice to assignments in courses totaling twelve to fifteen hours when one course like Rhetoric x101 of three hours requires the vast amount of time I spend on it? Undertaking this course has

made me appreciate and understand the occasional poor grades my son received in subjects which did not "come naturally" to him in college. From now on I shall be more tolerant of report cards.

Crazy or not, I have thoroughly enjoyed Rhetoric x101. It has not been easy to remain steadfast about study, especially during interruptions of special social events, out-of-town visits and uncomfortable weather, but the satisfaction of completing the course, despite adverse conditions, has been worth the struggle. It has been good discipline. Besides, the assurance that I can still learn at my mature age is a morale booster. Won't my scoffing, dubious friends be surprised if I "make the grade" and continue through the next semester of rhetoric?

Uncle Dick and the Tractor

GERALD M. PETERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

I LIKED MY UNCLE'S FARM. I LIKED MY UNCLE TOO. NO matter what my feelings are now, I'll always look back with an indescribable longing to those few short days I spent every year living at his place in Wisconsin. I never could understand why my mother considered him a ne'er-do-well. To me, he was a big, strong, fine example of the great people who work the soil of our country. In family conversations, I'd often heard my mother talk of my Uncle Dick as the black sheep of my father's family. All of the talking she could do, however, was not enough to change my opinion of that boyhood hero.

Each day on the farm held in store for me some new and exciting job. To a city boy, a few days of farm work are pure pleasure. Besides, I hardly ever had to do any hard work. When we raked hay, I sat on the dump rake and operated the foot controls. When we put up fence posts, I drove the tractor which pulled the wagon-load of posts. And when it was time to milk the cows, I watched and petted one of the cats.

I always liked threshing time best of all, because then I got to drive tractors all day long while the men, with their hay forks, would load up the wagon my tractor was pulling. There was always a big, hearty meal afterwards and a case of pop for us kids. The men always drank beer.

I remember one day very well. We were to thresh the oats at Tom Kane's place. My uncle, the hired hand from down the road, and I left for the Kane farm as soon as the morning chores and breakfast were out of the way. The dew had been so heavy the night before that we were forced to wait quite a

few hours for the sun to dry out the shocks before we could begin. I didn't mind the waiting much, because each new farm presented different buildings, all sorts of interesting pieces of machinery, and the general qualities that make a farm a paradise for the city boy. When the work finally did begin, it progressed very slowly. At five o'clock, when the work was done, we left in order to be back at my uncle's farm in time for the evening milking. When we arrived at the farm, the wagon was unhitched, and it was agreed that the hired hand would drive me on the tractor to his place, and I would drive the tractor back. This suited me fine.

Within a few minutes we had arrived at the home of the hired hand. He put the tractor in fifth gear. All I had to do then was let out the clutch, advance the gas lever, and steer the tractor in the right direction. In a few seconds, I was driving slowly along the short stretch of country road that ran between the two farms. As the tractor started down the first hill, it began to slow down. I gave it more gas. It continued to slow down until I reached the bottom of the hill. By then, it had almost stopped. I put in the clutch and slid the gear lever into the slot marked 6. I let the clutch out; the tractor puffed a few times, and then it died.

I climbed down quickly. One thought burned in my mind. I had to start the tractor again and get back to my uncle's farm before he found out that I had done something wrong. I moved the petcocks on the engine as I had always seen my uncle do before he started it. Then I began turning the flywheel, because the tractor was started by hand. I turned it over once, twice, again, and again, but it wouldn't start. I changed the setting of the petcocks and began to turn the flywheel again. Some minutes later, I was out of breath from turning the flywheel. The tractor had not yet started. I began to wish my uncle would come. At least then I could get back for supper.

Then I saw my uncle coming up the road. I began to wish that I had a few minutes more. Maybe then I could have started the tractor myself. When he reached the tractor, he laughed, but it wasn't a friendly laugh at all. It seemed to say to me, "You're not as big and smart as you thought you were." I mumbled a half-hearted excuse and stepped back. He looked at the petcocks and noticed they weren't in the right position. When he asked me how they got that way, I told him I thought Jay, the hired hand, had turned them. He heard me say it, but I could tell that he didn't believe me. He put the petcocks the way they were supposed to be, and with a few turns of the flywheel the engine kicked over and was chugging away furiously. "Want a ride?" he asked, expecting me to jump on the rear hitch. "I'll walk," I replied, and I started off in the direction of the farm. He passed me with another laugh. It sounded like the first one.

That night as we drove to the tavern, he called me a liar. I didn't try to explain what had happened. I never could figure out why the engine died. I never went back to my uncle's farm.

The Underground Railroad

GEORGE R. POWERS

Rhetoric 102, Research Paper

EVER SINCE SLAVERY WAS INTRODUCED INTO THE ANCIENT world, there have always been slaves who, in search of freedom, have attempted to escape from their masters. During the early years of our American nation, many slaves in our southern states attempted to escape. With no place in particular to go, most of these slaves merely wandered aimlessly about or were captured before they were out of sight of their homes. Before long, however, they learned that in the wilds of Florida they could live like free men.¹ But, although they enjoyed almost complete freedom in Florida, they realized that their masters could take them back if they were found. This unstable existence caused them to look for a land where they could enjoy complete freedom and safety. Before too many years passed, they learned that they could have complete security in Canada. In order to reach Canada, however, they needed help. Before long, they learned that the Quakers and other northern abolitionists were willing to aid them in their flight from their cruel masters. Although the slaves were helped on an entirely individual basis in the early years, this help was later organized into the system called the Underground Railroad.

Although the early history of the Underground Railroad is rather vague, most authorities will agree that the Quakers of Pennsylvania were the first white group to help escaped slaves. It is uncertain when the Quakers first started aiding the fugitives, but it is known that they were actively rendering aid during George Washington's lifetime. According to Washington's correspondence, it is clear that he was not sympathetic with the beliefs of the Quakers. When once speaking of some escaped slaves, he said, "a society of Quakers formed for such purposes have attempted to liberate them." At another time, when speaking of one of his own escaped slaves, he said:

The Gentleman in whose care I sent him has promised every endeavor to apprehend him; but it is not easy to do this, when there are numbers who would rather facilitate the escape of slaves than apprehend them when run away.²

Although there were people who would help escaping slaves at a far earlier time, it was not until 1804 that the Underground Railroad was "incorporated"

¹ Jesse Macy, *The Anti-Slavery Crusade* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1919), p. 112.

² Henrietta Buckmaster, *Let My People Go* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1941), p. 19.

at Columbia, Pennsylvania.³ Several incidents in which fugitive slaves were mistreated by their masters so greatly aroused the anger of these Pennsylvanians that they began to help the fugitives on a large-scale basis. After this beginning at Columbia, the Underground Railroad spread rapidly throughout the northern states. As early as 1816, the Underground Railroad was firmly entrenched in Pennsylvania and Ohio.⁴ Shortly after the Underground Railroad was established in Ohio, "lines" were laid in Michigan and Indiana and were soon carrying a large share of the fugitive slave traffic. Because of the beliefs of Illinois' early settlers, the Underground Railroad did not become active in Illinois until 1838 or 1839. By that time, routes for the escaping fugitives were already in operation in Iowa and the New England States.⁵

Even though the Underground Railroad was very active by 1830, it did not receive its name until it was named by a disappointed slaveholder in 1832. This owner was right behind his escaping slave when they reached the bank of the Ohio River. The master watched the slave swim the river and then crossed by boat. However, when he reached the other side, the slave, who had been helped by a group of Ohio Quakers, had mysteriously disappeared. Later, when asked what had happened, the bewildered owner answered, "He must have gone on an underground road." This name spread rapidly among the operators of the system and before long they were calling themselves names such as "conductors," "stationmasters," "brakemen," and "firemen." Their houses became known as "depots" and "stations."⁶ Two of their early leaders, Levi Coffin and Robert Purvis, were called "President." Those who escaped were called "packages" or "freight" and traveled on routes that were known as "lines."⁷

The personal feelings and beliefs of the people involved determined whether the Underground Railroad would be a success in any given region. By merely looking at the Mason-Dixon line, it might seem that everyone north of the line would be anti-slavery while everyone south of the line would be pro-slavery. For the most part, this was true, but there were some exceptions. The group that was most notable in this respect was the transplanted southerners who lived in southern Illinois and Indiana. These men would do everything in their power to assist in the capture of an escaped slave. On the other hand, it was quite often possible to find people in the South who were willing to help the fugitives.

There were some areas in the northern states, such as southern Illinois, where the people were very hostile toward the fugitives. Surprising as it may seem, these people were a majority in many northern states. As a result of

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 23-24.

⁴ Wilbur Henry Siebert, "The Underground Railroad for the Liberation of Fugitive Slaves," *American Historical Association Annual Report, 1895* (1896), p. 396.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 397.

⁶ Buckmaster, p. 59.

⁷ "Underground Railroad," *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1949), XXII, 681.

this dislike for the Negroes, many states passed "black laws."⁸ In fact, these "black laws" were so strict that one Massachusetts abolitionist wanted to know if the Illinois Black Code had been drawn up by men from Alabama.⁹ This question really was not as nonsensical as it sounds, for many of the early Illinois settlers did come from southern states and were definitely in favor of slavery.¹⁰

Although they were a minority, there were groups of people in the northern states who helped the fugitives. This minority was at its strongest in Ohio and Pennsylvania. In fact, it was through Ohio that the largest number of the fugitives passed on their way to Canada.¹¹ In northern Ohio, the time came when the Underground Railroad was no longer an underground movement, but an affair in which the people openly violated the fugitive slave laws. Because of the feeling of the people, it was in northern Ohio that the slave-hunter met with the most trouble. There, he had to move as carefully and cautiously as the slave he was trailing in order that the local townsmen would not discover his motive. If he was lucky enough to capture the slave the people so carefully protected, he was forced to go to the courthouse and show his papers. In cases where the people could find any flaw in his papers, the slave was released.¹²

As far as the northerners were concerned, the crisis in the fugitive slave trade came in 1850, when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed by the United States Congress. The general points of the law and the reactions it created in the minds of the people of the northern states were most succinctly stated by A. J. Baughman when he said:

The fugitive slave law not only required people to assist in returning slaves to their masters, but made it a penal offense to refuse to do so, which made the law so unpopular in the North that many people prided themselves more upon its breach than its observance.¹³

The way the northerners met the challenge of the Fugitive Slave Law is best shown by the reactions of the Puritans in northern Illinois. These people, unlike those of southern Illinois, were willing to aid the escaping fugitives.¹⁴ When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, the Chicago City Council condemned the law and refused to let the Chicago policemen enforce it.¹⁵ To back

⁸ James Harris Fairchild, "The Underground Railroad," *Western Reserve Historical Society Tracts*, Tract No. 87 (Cleveland: Leader Printing Company, 1895), p. 98.

⁹ O. L. Schmidt, "Illinois Underground Railway," *Illinois State Historical Society Journal*, 18 (1925), 705.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ Booker T. Washington, *The Story of the Negro* (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1909), I, 226.

¹² Fairchild, p. 106.

¹³ A. J. Baughman, "The Underground Railroad," *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, 15, (1906), 189.

¹⁴ Schmidt, p. 706.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 710.

up their condemnation of the law, the people of Chicago became more defiant than ever towards the slavehunters and were known to tar and feather any slavehunters they caught in the territory.¹⁶

To be truthful, it must be admitted that the view of slavery which the people of the North received was not an entirely true one. This misconception about the nature of slavery was caused, for the most part, by the personal appearance of the slaves when they reached the northern states. These slaves, after having traveled long distances, were in very poor physical condition when they came to the operators of the Underground Railroad. These escaping slaves also brought many tales of hardship with them, which, although possibly true, were not typical of a slave's life. Most of these stories were well founded, however, since only those slaves with cruel masters would attempt the trip.

In many ways, the slavehunters were even more miserable beings than the slaves they were pursuing. These men, whose job it was to track down the fugitives, were of the lowest southern class.¹⁷ They were "men whose natural utensils were the bull-whip, the pistol, and the Bowie knife; and their language and bearing corresponded with these weapons."¹⁸ Because of the actions of the slavehunters, it has been said:

The frustration of the purposes of those in pursuit of fugitives and the threats and demonstrations made by them while seeking their lost property, created distrust and hatred on both sides.¹⁹

Considering all these facts, it is not surprising that the northerners felt that they were justified in helping the fugitives escape.

The views of the southerners on the question of slavery were also important. Although there were notable exceptions, most southerners were pro-slavery simply because of what the slaves were worth to them. The slaves of that period were to the masters as horses were to the farmers of fifty years ago. A slave was worth five hundred to one thousand dollars. Considering this sizeable investment, it is no wonder that the owner would follow the fugitive for months or even years.²⁰

With this monetary value as their main reason, the southerners were, as a class, very harsh on anyone who aided fugitive slaves. This strictness is best shown by what happened when one young man attempted to smuggle some slaves out of Missouri. One day this man, who lived in Illinois, was approached by a Negro who asked him to cross the Mississippi River that evening and help some fugitive slaves escape. Upon crossing the river that evening, he realized too late that he had fallen into a trap. He was met on the shore by an

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 713.

¹⁷ Fairchild, p. 94.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 95.

¹⁹ Siebert, p. 402.

²⁰ Fairchild, p. 91.

angry group of Missourians and was carried off to jail in a hurry. Although they had no real evidence against him, he was tried and convicted on three counts "for stealing slaves, for attempting to steal them, and for intending to attempt to steal them." That man spent five years in the Missouri penitentiary for a crime that he never committed.²¹

But not all southerners were as harsh on those who helped the slaves as the Missourians. As in the other case, this can be best shown by citing a law case. When Richard Dillingham was captured in Nashville, Tennessee, with a fugitive slave, he, like everyone else, expected to receive the death penalty. The southern jury showed pity and agreement with his purpose and only sent him to the state penitentiary for three years.²²

Besides those sympathetic with the anti-slavery crusade, such as the members of the jury, there were others in the south who were actively engaged in helping the fugitives escape. Some of these people had come from northern states and had brought northern ideas with them. Most surprising of all, however, is the fact that even members of slaveholding families were known to help the fugitives.²³ Although these southern whites helped a great deal on the Underground Railroad, the main operators in the South were the colored people. Because of their own black skins, they could often smuggle others north without arousing the suspicions of the slavehunters.

In order properly to understand the operation of the Underground Railroad, there must be some knowledge of the beliefs and ideas of the slave. The feelings of the slaves were most important of all because if the slaves had not wanted freedom, the Underground Railroad would never have come into existence. These beliefs of the Negro were best stated when Booker T. Washington wrote:

Slavery . . . appeared to the native African . . . to be the natural condition of the majority of men. It was only after the African slaves learned the language of their masters and possessed themselves to some extent of their masters' ideas that they began to conceive that the natural condition of man was not slavery but freedom.

When the fugitive slaves came in contact with the anti-slavery people of the North they made the acquaintance for the first time of a people who hated slavery in a way and with an intensity which few of them had ever felt or known. They learned . . . to believe in freedom for its own sake. They became, as a result, the most determined of anti-slavery people, and many of them devoted their lives most unselfishly to securing the freedom of other members of their race.²⁴

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

²² Macy, p. 122.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

²⁴ Washington, I, 231-232.

Most of the people of this period were very religious and considered the Bible to be the final authority in any argument. Instead of going to the Constitution to decide the slavery question, most of the people turned to the Bible. In the northern states, many law cases involving slaves were won because of the Mosaic law which said, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped unto thee."²⁵ Of course, the southerners could also support their claim that the slaves should be returned by turning to the Bible and quoting the passage where Paul sent the slave, Onesimus, back to his master.²⁶

Since the personal feelings of the people in any region determined whether the Underground Railroad would be a success, it was most active in those parts of the country which were strongly anti-slavery. As it might be guessed, the Underground Railroad had its greatest development in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The records of the Alum Creek settlement of Quakers in Delaware County, Ohio, during 1844 show that large numbers of fugitives passed through Ohio.²⁷ Over a period of five months, forty-seven Negro fugitives stopped at that one station on their way to Canada. If this number at one station is considered representative, it appears evident that an estimate setting the total number of fugitives at between 40,000 and 80,000 is very likely true.²⁸ On the other hand, few routes crossed southern Illinois and other areas hostile to the Negroes.

Because of the illegal nature of the Underground Railroad, the fugitives had to travel at night for the most part. They were hidden at the homes of the operators during the day and were smuggled on to the next station under cover of darkness. During the day, the fugitives were hidden in secret rooms, hollow haystacks, and dense thickets.²⁹ Occasionally, in order to throw the slavehunters off the track, the fugitives were moved by wagon during the day.³⁰

In different parts of the country, the fugitives traveled by different methods. Along the Atlantic coast, the slaves were concealed in ships and in this way were smuggled into the free northern states. Once they arrived in the free states, they traveled on to Canada by foot, steamboat, or even railroad.³¹ Although Canada was still the goal, travel through the Midwest was somewhat different from that in the East. Almost all of the travel in the midwest was done at night and on foot. Sometimes, however, railroads were used for transporting the slaves. The Illinois Central carried some of the fugitives who passed through this area on their way to Canada.³²

²⁵ Fairchild, p. 97.

²⁶ Schmidt, p. 704.

²⁷ Siebert, p. 400.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 399.

²⁹ Schmidt, p. 708.

³⁰ Fairchild, p. 104.

³¹ Macy, p. 123.

³² Siebert, p. 298.

No account of the Underground Railroad would be entirely complete without telling something about the personalities of the operators. Most of the men who helped the slaves would not encourage them to escape from their masters. They would help only when the slaves came to their doors to plead for help.³³ Levi Coffin, the president of the Underground Railroad, was one of the most famous of these people. For thirty-three years, from his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, he helped about one hundred fugitives per year to escape. Because of his shrewdness, he aided these slaves and was still able to save himself from prosecution and fines.³⁴ However, another Quaker, Thomas Garrett, was not quite so lucky as Coffin. After many lawsuits had swept away his ample fortune, Garrett still believed in his convictions strongly enough to say, "Friend, I have not a dollar of property in the world, but if thee knows a fugitive that needs a breakfast this morning, send him to me."³⁵

There were even some men, although very few, foolhardy enough to invade the South in an effort to free the slaves. While some succeeded for awhile in these attempts, they were usually caught sooner or later. In an effort to free the wife of a Negro abolitionist, Peter Still, a Shaker abolitionist, Seth Concklin, was killed.³⁶ After Concklin had brought a group of slaves up the Tennessee, Mississippi, and Wabash Rivers, he was captured at Vincennes. Afterwards, while trying to escape, he was killed. Another abolitionist, Calvin Fairbanks, made a practice of going into the South and smuggling out slaves.³⁷ While he could claim that no fugitive in his care was ever captured, he was taken in 1844 and spent many years in jail. Although what happened to these men seems drastic, it was representative of what happened to those who invaded the South.

Although most of the operators of the Underground Railroad were white, the real leaders and heroes were the Negroes. Perhaps the most famous of the colored operators was Harriet Tubman. She helped so many slaves escape that her people began to call her "Moses." After she escaped from slavery in 1849, she returned many times to the South and helped bring out others. It has been said that she helped over three hundred slaves escape.³⁸ She, like Calvin Fairbanks, was able to say that no fugitive under her care was ever recaptured. Then, during the Civil War, she worked for the Union Army's secret service.³⁹ It was Negroes like her who really made the Underground Railroad a success. For they, in doing this work, set themselves up as examples for others of their race and proved that they really wanted and were ready for freedom.

³³ Fairchild, p. 99.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 104-105.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 105.

³⁶ Washington, I, 221.

³⁷ Buckmaster, p. 123.

³⁸ Washington, I, 222.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 223.

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OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma is a pretty state in the spring. At that season, the beauty of no other state is quite like it. The ranges on the rolling plains are green with grass not yet browned by the sun. The oaks and blackjack on the knolls are pretty and welcoming. The prairie breeze is gentle and it carries scents of things green and growing, and of lands newly planted. Tall cottonwoods and elms, assisted by willows, line the streams and mark their location from afar. God is generous to Oklahoma in the spring. Perhaps His generosity is an award in atonement for the extremes of the summer and winter that have passed or are to follow, for the torrential rains and the bitter droughts and dust, for the almost unbearable heat and the extreme cold, for the stifling stillness of the summer air and the turbulent violence of electrical storms and tornadoes, for these and the other reasons that white men were slow to want Oklahoma and the Indians fought to leave it.—ROBERT SHARP, 102.

SNOW

It was snowing. The fine, white crystals sifted silently out of the clouds overhead and settled slowly to the frozen earth below, covering it with a soft, white blanket which no movement disturbed. This is nature at its utmost beauty; this is the world at its most complete peace—this is also a pain in the neck.

I do not like precipitation in any form, but I abhor snow. Of course it covers the world with a soft, white blanket, etc. It also covers the highways with that same soft, white blanket, making them impassable and clogging transportation sometimes for weeks. All right, so that blanket isn't disturbed by any motion. What is so beautiful about the thought that nothing can move because everything is either smothered or frozen to death by that abominable blanket?

Every year snow takes the lives of millions of dollars worth of livestock by trapping them in out-of-the-way places until they freeze or starve. Snow on the roads and streets of the world causes countless serious accidents and isolates many small villages and towns from the outside world.

Furthermore, what does the snow do in the spring? It first melts into gritty, gray slush; then what once was that revered white blanket becomes a large quantity of water, which gorges the rivers until they burst from their banks, further ravaging the countryside.

One of my ambitions in life is to take all those people who go around rolling their eyes, saying, "Oh, I just love snow; it makes such a lovely, white blanket," and deport them all to a polar cap.—FRANK MILLSPAUGH, 101.

We Should Adopt Nudism

HENRY STANLEY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

I HAVE JUST RECENTLY RETURNED FROM EPIDERMIA, which, as you well know, is the country where nudism is the national custom.

So impressed was I with the mode of life there that, since my return, I have become this country's foremost advocate of nudism. After a careful study of many phases of our national life, I have come to the conclusion that the adoption of nudism would be a definite benefit to our nation.

It would benefit the nation economically. There would no longer be millions of dollars spent each year on the purchase and maintenance of clothes; with this money people would be able to afford more of the necessities of life. Men would no longer be subjected to the annual experience of receiving ties at Christmas, and housewives would find such chores as washing reduced over fifty per cent; then by using paper plates and towels they would have no washing at all. Customs officials would find this a boon. After a speedy glance at the prospective entrant, they could proceed with their search. And nudism would certainly lessen the amount of smuggling.

Nudism would also have its effect in social spheres. Crime would be reduced; there would no longer be any possibility of a person's carrying concealed weapons, and pickpockets would go out of business. Such misdemeanors as exhibitionism and indecent exposure would have to be completely erased from the books. It would help to break down class barriers. With no one wearing clothes, it would be impossible to distinguish the rich from the poor, although some people maintain that obesity and anemia are class characteristics. The advent of Italian boy haircuts, crew cuts, the Dior look, and slacks for women makes it increasingly difficult to distinguish men from women. This trend would be halted by the adoption of nudism. There would be fewer disappointments after marriage; you would see exactly what you were getting beforehand. Contrary to popular opinion, burlesque shows would continue to thrive, but the boys in the front row would yell, "Put it on," instead of the current, "Take it off."

The benefits of nudism would also extend into the military. Large sums of money would be saved by not having to issue uniforms. This money could be used to increase the officers' pay. It is well known that they are underpaid. The individual soldier would also profit from the practice of nudism. He would save time with the elimination of dressing and undressing. Inspections would be a great deal easier to meet; the shining of shoes and buttons, and the pressing of clothes would no longer be necessary. It would be much easier for the soldier to go AWOL, but this could be remedied by tattooing military

insignias on them. It would also be necessary to tattoo rank on the soldiers; however, decorations and medals might be stuck on with tape.

After these cogent reasons for the adoption of nudism have reached the masses, I am sure that nudism will gain many supporters. Intelligent people will quickly realize the advantages to be gained by the country and by the individual by practicing nudism, and they will readily shed their clothes, while the more ignorant people will be slow to capitulate, until eventually the wearing of clothes will be a distinct sign of mental inferiority and lack of national feeling.

The City with the Big Shoulders

STEPHEN STINSON

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

CHICAGO—CARL SANDBERG CALLED IT “THE CITY WITH the big shoulders”—is indeed a beautiful city. Apartment houses rise ten stories above majestic Lake Shore Drive. Lake Michigan pounds against miles of picturesque beach and primitively impressive rocks. Along this lake shore runs a sleek, supple ribbon of divided pavement from Howard Avenue to 128th Street and beyond. At the end of LaSalle Street, Ceres, Goddess of Agriculture, sits enthroned on the Board of Trade Building, surveying the vast canyons of banking houses and lawyer’s firms which are her domain. Venerable old mansions surrounded by stately grounds cluster thickly along Sheridan Road on the near North Side. Its lake front is graced by beautiful public buildings, from the Chicago Public Library near the Loop to the Museum of Science and Industry on the South Side.

It is a very ugly city. Just a few blocks west of the grandeur of the Loop lies the squalor of West Madison Street. To the immediate north and south, the arteries of the Loop thread areas of incredible dissolution and debauchery. Riding down the center of the city in an elevated train, one sees the filth and poverty of the tenements and slums. On the rich land of the red man, these are an obnoxious tumor—a ghastly fungus—stinking with decay and corruption. In more industrialized sections of the city, dust lies all about. The windows are grimy with the tars of factories, and the air is poisonous with a heavy, depressive layer of haze. In many portions of the city, the antiquity of the buildings hints of a yoke which sinks lower and lower over the inhabitants. Stagnation is the atmosphere here.

And Chicago is a mighty city. Riding through the city on any railroad or elevated line, one passes whole clusters of factories. Little factories of little men; big factories of big men. Little businesses such as die-cutting plants; large businesses such as mills. The stockyards collect and sell meat to the

world. West Proviso yards give the city the biggest and best railroad facilities in the world. Warehouses stand on both sides of the river for several miles. On appointed days, the great locks into the lake open and a huge paper-boat from Canada passes under raised bridges to deposit its cargo of newsprint at the *Daily News* Building dock. A public service company provides gas, electricity, and water in huge quantities to four million people, while the Bell System is concerned with enabling them all to gossip with one another. Hundreds of tons of food are shipped in and processed daily to provide the people with their thousand and one fickle gustatory pleasures.

Indeed, Chicago is a diverse city. It is a city of four million souls. Four million people who hear a priest, a rabbi, or a minister on the Sabbath, or lie in and sleep on the day of rest. Four million angry, happy, young, agéd, exciting, drab people, none of whom resembles any other. It is a city protected by Irish policemen, starched and ironed by Chinese laundrymen, fed by German butchers and Italian grocers, and kept dry by Polish plumbers.

Chicago is a famous city. From other countries, people come to the United States in great numbers as immigrants and as visitors. They want to see the stockyards, to which Chicagoans pay little attention. They timidly inquire whether or not they can walk down the street free from the danger of being swallowed up in a vicious gang war. From many places people come to brave the hundred delinquencies of North Clark Street, or to catch the opening night performance of the *Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo* at the Opera House.

Chicago is a city of beautiful dreams and stark reality. It is homogeneous in its diversity and majestic in its squalor. It glories in crude might and basks in the light of tarnished fame. It is the most beautifully ugly city in the world.

My Attitude Toward Consolidated Schools

VELMA SNYDER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1950, THE BIG YELLOW BUS NO. 2, OF Community Unit No. 4, stopped before our house, and my daughter raced eagerly to join her playmates on their ride toward their first full day of school. I recall the enthusiasm we both felt; hers was in anticipation of new books, a pleasant teacher, and more friends. My joy was knowing that she was starting her school year in good health and with an avid mind. We both assumed her education was beginning; it would be more accurate to say

that it was my orientation into the art of "progressive education" via the consolidation of rural schools which had begun.

As a whole, the first year in our rural consolidated school went well. Preparations for incorporation into the main town unit were nearly complete; until then, classes for first, second, and third grades were conducted at North Liberty, a nearby rural schoolhouse. Hot lunch was delivered from the town unit and was served by the teacher. She taught the children a short grace to say before meals and it was evident at home that consideration and table manners were discussed at school.

The only disturbing element I noted was the degree of rowdyism accepted as natural. When a second grade boy answered a knock upon the door, he greeted the grade school superintendent and school nurse with drawn pistols and orders to, "Stick 'em up!" His bad manners were neither corrected nor reproved. The favorite game on the playground was "roundup"; the objective was "cutting" a girl from the "herd," "roping" her, and "branding" her with a kiss. This resulted in numerous bruises and scratches. Since the Western influence of Saturday matinée movies was so obvious, I did not blame the school system or teacher. I did suggest that if playing cowboy was considered vital to child development, instructions in the care and use of firearms should be given along with instructions in crossing the street safely.

My child's goals in life changed during that first year. Her "idol" became a slouching figure on horseback riding recklessly after stray cattle. She could not print a complete sentence on a straight line using one style of printing, but she assured me that was not necessary where she was going.

Being an optimist to the point where I believe "even Satan has retractable horns and actually uses them only on alternate Fridays," I approached the matter of consolidated town school with favorable opinions and an open mind. I firmly believed that better salaries, absence of responsibility for firing furnaces, and larger groups of children of a certain age would mean better teachers. That is the misconception of the Twentieth Century.

The idea that ease and improvement go hand in hand is often a fallacy. They seldom walk on the same side of the street in matters of education, it seems. With improved school libraries, movie projectors, educational films, supplementary work-books, in addition to improved textbooks, one would expect an equally broader knowledge among children. It is not there. This system of progressive consolidated schools has eliminated the fundamental drills necessary for an old-fashioned three R's education just as it has destroyed the rural schoolhouses.

It seems inconsistent to say that improvements have contributed to mediocrity in education; yet I feel that is true. Too many people without particular interest in children or their problems are now attracted to teaching because it is a relatively easy, clean occupation wherein their own inabilities can be blamed on lack of cooperation of parents or children. When teachers

wrangled with reluctant coal stoves, and taught eight grades in one-room country school houses, they developed a talent for management. They could cope with obstreperous children. The idea of today's system isn't to reprimand or correct the child, but to lock the doors and keep him outside until class begins. It is a long way from the friendly companionship of a country school to keeping your head down on a desk when required to stay in during recess because of a cold. Such rules have destroyed the feeling of belonging which is important if children are to respect their school building. Instances of vandalism increase when children lack affection for their school or teachers.

Within the past three years many occurrences have made me doubt the wisdom of consolidating rural schools with town units and I definitely feel we are short-changing our children with "progressive" education. I was made most aware of this fact when my daughter's second grade teacher informed me she had succeeded in making my child more like the others by moving her seat next to the most mischievous classroom wiggles. At the end of her second year her ability to concentrate was so poor she preferred playing to studying and considered it possible to combine both activities. She insists she gets a full understanding of what I am reading aloud to her even though her mind is partially occupied by paper-dolls or another book. My instructions in attentiveness have been erased; now she seldom sits quietly and is increasingly heedless of directions—both verbal and printed.

The problems of misbehavior on school buses increase with each year of this unrestrained form of education. One instance of blackmail has been uncovered; big boys were extorting sums of a dollar from a third grader by threatening and tormenting him. This rowdyism has reached the point where one boy has twice drawn a hunting knife on girls whose shoes the boys were intent upon removing. It is an indication of children's dissatisfaction when they derive pleasure from sadistic sports. The irritation of the bus driver, complaints of the girls, or objections of parents have not yet remedied this situation.

With such loose direction of activities on buses, playgrounds, and in the classroom, children cannot develop the ability to get along together. The country school did a much better job of integrating age groups and personalities. General participation in games and programs taught consideration for smaller children, and the awareness of mutual needs came naturally, whereas over-crowded consolidated units are arousing antagonisms.

The truth of the matter is that the present form of "progressive" education via the consolidation of rural-town units is cheating our rural youth. They have lost the privilege of grass-green playgrounds, the physical relaxation of walking along country roads on pleasant afternoons, and the pleasure of playing "handy-over" across a small schoolhouse. School-book rental systems deny them the feeling of possession they once had in books and knowledge. Children are out of parental supervision from 7:00 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. five days a week;

can parents be fully responsible for the deportment and moral development of children they are raising on a weekend-before breakfast-after supper basis?

Unless teachers return to the sense of responsibility they once had and teach each child to respect another's rights, chaos will result. Progressive consolidated schools can ruin our children. Parents aren't supporting schools "just to have the children out from underfoot" as some teachers seem to think.

Rhet as Writ

He told me that if a person looks at another's problems from the same light as they do that it puts the person more at ease when you are around them.

The man walked up the stairs, threw the door, and down the hall.

These large classes result in an unfair grading system, since the instructor puts the freshmen he doesn't know under all his examination papers, with the upperclassmen on top of them.

These people bend over backwards to slap some hard-working people in the face.

In the afternoon I would meet with and design dresses for the wealthy madames of the city.

The bookcase . . . has three shelves, the lower two being taken up by my roommate.

It [basketball] is played by people who are tall, short, slow, and fast.

In the late spring and early fall, the weather will be warm enough to swim in.

The theories of flight are very complex. You have the downwind at which you should never land from and there is the updraft and the downdraft.

When I speak of all men being created equal, I mean all men are born with the same ability to get a head in the world.

At birth we all know that many individuals are mentally incapable of taking care of themselves.

A dam in a river effects the river water as a terrace effects field water.

. . . Uncle Sam takes everybody between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five into the army regardless of race, greed, or color.

The best fighter is one who has a strong back and a weak mind, whereas the best voter has just the opposite qualifications.

Illinois proves by its organized social functions that it is not impossible to become acquainted with one's student body.

He shows us how we were supposed to use its construction in a sentence.

The reason, for not being able to hear the public address system, is that all the children are running down the isles and jumping over the chairs.

High school English often fails to prepare the student to face such things as insubordinate sentences.